



BETWEEN INNINGS

Creating an Impression.

"And your husband gave \$50,000 for that old book?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Curmox.

"To show how much you care for literature, I suppose?"

"No. To show how little we care for \$50,000."—Washington Star.

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Nothing More.

Dr. Herold, president of the New Jersey Board of Health, tells of a young friend who recently graduated as a physician. One of the young doctor's first clients was a fat girl. Her fatness weighed upon her and she wanted to get rid of some of it. The young doctor drew up a careful diet; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously." His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Anything else?" he asked. "Only my ordinary meals."—Argonaut.

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He Had Read Romeo.

She was very literary, and he was not.

He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books, of which he knew less.

Presently the maiden asked archly: "Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet?'"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:

"I've—I've read Romeo!"—Philadelphia Times.

Sprung from Nobody.

"Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"And phwat's ancistors?"

"Why, people you sprhung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "Oi come from the rale sthock av Donahues that sprhung from nobody. They sprhung at thim."—Catholic Tribune.

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Three Things.

"The three things that inspire the most profanity," says the Cynical Bachelor, "are an alarm clock, a fountain pen, and a wife."—Philadelphia Record.

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Defined.

"Father," asked the funny man's boy, "what is meant by 'the new humor'?"

"The new humor, my boy, is the art of grafting a chestnut."—The Editor.

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Awkwardly Expressed.

He—I am not taking part in the theatricals. I always think I am making such a fool of myself.

She—Oh, every one thinks that!—London Opinion.

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On Bathing Suits.

Head Clerk—What do you mean by btg. sts. ?

New Clerk—Bathing suits. They are abbreviated this summer.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

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A Matter of Degree.

"Is your fair friend going to stay on at Vassar for an M. A. ?"

"No. I have persuaded her to take an M-r-s elsewhere."—Yale Record.

Fond Mother—And has mamma's angel been a peacemaker to-day?

Mamma's Angel—Yes, ma; Tommy Tuff was a-lickin' Willie Whimpers, an' when I told 'im to stop he wouldn't, an' I jumped in an' licked the stuffin' out o' both of 'em.—Purple Cow.

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Guest (after a particularly bad lunch)—There is one thing on your table which is unsurpassed in the finest hotels in London.

Seaside Hotel Proprietor—Very kind of you to say so, sir. May I ask what you refer to?

Guest—The salt!—London Opinion.

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The Point of View.

"I read yesterday that Colonel Tamale, of the insurrectos, was shot in the back."

"I was afraid that would happen to him. I read a statement in a newspaper the other day which said, 'Colonel Tamale back to the front.'"—Houston Post.

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Too Bad!

News Brief: Red devil, fifty miles an hour, two joy riders, two chorus girls, two bottles of champagne, two o'clock, two funerals.—Nashville Tennessean.

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Had Made Up His Mind.

A Cleveland lawyer tells how, during a trial, one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and fled from the courtroom. He was, however, arrested in his flight, before he had left the building, and brought back.

"I should like to know what you mean by such an action as this," demanded the judge, in a lenient tone, however, as he knew the man, an elderly German, to be a simple, straightforward person.

"Vell, your honor, I vill explain," said the juror. "Ven Mr. Jones finished with his talking my mind vas clear all through, but ven Mr. Smith begins his talking I becomes all confused again already, und I says to minself, 'I better leave at vonce, und stay away until he is done,' because, your honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like der vay der argument vas going."—Harper's Magazine.

Too Much Like Work.

Mrs. Crawford—In chewing your food, my dear, you must count thirty-two with each mouthful.

Freddy—Gee! that's the toughest way they've gotten up yet to make a feller learn arithmetic!—New York Times.

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The Only Way Out.

Peter (sent for the milk)—Oh, mercy! I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?

Small Brother—Easy! We'll drop the jug.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

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Deadly.

Senator Overman said the other day of a defeated bill:

"It deserved to be defeated. It was as irregular as the Tin Can poker game.

"A man describing the game said,

"'One-eyed Bones, on my right, held four kings and an ace. Two-fingered Schermerhorn, on my left, held four aces and a king.'

"'And you—what did you hold?' some one asked excitedly.

"'I, being the coroner, held the inquest,' was the reply."—Kansas City Star.

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The Lesson.

School Teacher—What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Tommy Tuffnut—Not to get stung.—Kansas City Star.

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Trying It Out.

In her hand the maiden carried a folded paper.

"Ah, sheet music, eh!" observed a friend. "I suppose you are taking it home to try it on your piano."

"No, sir," replied the maid; "it's a recipe, and I'm taking it home to try it on the gas range."—Youngstown Telegram.

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The Feminine "Touch."

Wife—Wretch! Show me that letter!

Husband—What letter?

Wife—That one in your hand. It's from a woman, I can see by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it.

Husband—Yes. Here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill.—New York Mail.